

Bold and Underlined=POV Change

Underlined=Line Break

Bold=TV Script

Italics=Thoughts

Chapter 5

Wednesday's POV

I watched as Y/N left. I was finally checked out but was stopped by the weak alpha, known was Rowan.

"You're Wednesday, right," he asked me, I just stared at him, "Rowan. I know how you feel."

"I guarantee you don't," I replied.

"My mother promised me I'd finally fit in somewhere," he told me, which I didn't really care for, "I never thought it was possible to be an outcast in a school full of outcasts. But it looks like you're gonna give me a run for my money. Uh... Sorry about the... nick."

"No good deed goes unpunished," I told him and got up to leave. As I was walking past the water container (**I don't know what it is called**) it bubbled. This caused me to turn and look at it for a moment, then continue to walk outside. When I walked outside, I saw Y/N just standing there in the rain, getting soaked.

"Y/N, why don't you have an umbrella, you're going to get sick," I asked worried, then mentally beat myself up. I shouldn't worry about her. But she is our mate, my alpha told me. I ignored him.

"He-he-hey Wednesday, the ra-ra-rain helps me c-c-calm down," she replied, smiling shyly. I find this action cute. I walked up to her and held the umbrella (**Y/N is shorter than Wednesday**) over the both of us. We both walk in silence, and I find myself enjoying the moment. After a while, we heard stone scraping against each other. We both looked up and saw a gargoyle falling towards us. I went to push Y/N out of dangers way when I heard someone screaming towards us.

"Wednesday! Y/N!" Someone shouted, and both Y/N and I was push out of the way, and everything went black. I woke back up in the infirmary. I sat up and looked around, and saw Xavier standing over Y/N. I didn't like this one bit, so I growled at him to back off. He took the warning and walk to a seat and sat down.

"Welcome back, and you should take it easy," he told me, I just stared at him, "nurse said you don't have a concussion, but you should probably have a nasty bump, huh?"

"The last thing I remember, I was walking outside with Y/N feeling a mixture of rage, pity and self-disgust," I told him, getting up to go to Y/N to make sure she is okay, "I never felt that way before."

"Losing to Bianca has that effect on people, I think," he replied, getting up and try to get close to my unconscious mate. I glared at him to sit back down, and stay away from her.

"Then I looked up and saw that gargoyle coming down and I though," I continued, "at least I'll have an imaginative death. Then you tackled Y/N and I out of the way. Why?"

"Call it instinct," he told me. This made me want to roll my eyes.

"So you were guided by latent chivalry," I told him, turning to face him, "the tool of the patriarchy, to extract my or Y/N's undying gratitude?"

"Mm-hmm. Most people just say thank you," he said.

"I didn't want to be rescued," I told him harshly.

"I shoulda just saved Y/N and just let that thing smash you to mush," he said, raising one eyebrow at me.

"I would have rather saved both her and myself," I told him, tensing up at the thought of him touching her.

"Good to see you haven't changed, if it makes you feel any better, let's just say I returned the favor," he scoffed. He must have seen the confusion on my face as he continued, "Xavier Thorpe? You probably don't remember. Last time we met, I was two feet shorter, 40 pounds heavier."

"What happened," I asked, trying to remember.

